

Troilus and Cressida.

In ranke *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
Or shedding breed a Nursery of like euil
To ouer-bulke vs all.

Nest. Wel, and how?

Ulys. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* sends,
How euer it is spred in general name,
Relates in purpose onely to *Achilles*.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous euen as substance,
Whole grossenesse little charraeters summe vp,
And in the publication make no straine,
But that *Achilles*, were his braine as barren
As bankes of *Lybia*, though (*Apollo* knowes)
'Tis dry enough, wil with great speede of iudgement,
I, with celerity, finde *Hectors* purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulys. And wake him to the answer, thinke you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; who may you else oppose
That can from *Hector* bring his Honor off,
If not *Achilles*; though't be a sportfull Combate,
Yet in this triall, much opinion dwels.
For heere the *Troyans* taste our deer'st repute
With their fin'st Pallate: and trust to me *Vlysses*,
Our imputation shall be oddely poiz'd
In this wilde action. For the successe
(Although particular) shall giue a scantling
Of good or bad, vnto the Generall:
And in such Indexes, although small prickes
To their subseque't Volumes, there is seene
The baby figure of the Gyant-masse
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets *Hector*, issues from our choise;
And choise being mutuall acte of all our ioules,
Makes Merit her election, and doth boyle
As 'twere, from forth vs all: a man distill'd
Out of our Vertues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence receyues the conqu'ring part
To steale a strong opinion to themselves,
Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his instruments,
In no lesse working, then are Swords and Bowes
Directiue by the Limbes.

Vlyss. Giue pardon to my speech:

Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*:
Let vs (like Merchants) shew our fowlest Wares,
And thinke perchance they'll sell: If not,
The laster of the better yet to shew,
Shall they the better. Do not consent,
That euer *Hector* and *Achilles* meete:
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eies: what are they?

Vlyss. What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*,
(Were he not proud) we all should weare with him:
But he already is too insolent,
And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,
Then in the pride and salt scorne of his eyes
Should he scape *Hector* faire. If he were foyld,
Why then we did our maine opinion crash
In taint of our best man. No, make a Lott'ry,
And by device let blockish *Ajax* draw
The sort to fight with *Hector*: Among our selues, I
Giue him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physicke the great Myrmidon
Who broyles in lowd applause, and make him fall
His Crest, that prouder then blew Iris bends.
If the dull brainlesse *Ajax* come safe off,
Wee'll dresse him vp in voyces: if he faile,

Yet go we vnder our opinion still,
That we haue better men. But hit or misse,
Our proiects life this shape of sence assumes,
Ajax imploy'd, pluckes downe *Achilles* Plumes.

Nest. Now *Vlysses*, I begin to relish thy aduice,
And I wil giue a taste of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him straight:
Two Curres shal tame each other, Pride alone
Must tarre the Mastiffes on, as 'twere their bone. *Exeunt*
Enter Ajax, and Therites.

Aia. Therites?

Ther. *Agamemnon*, how if he had Biles (ful) all ouer
generally.

Aia. Therites?

Ther. And those Byles did runne, say so; did not the
General run, were not that a botchy core?

Aia. Dogge.

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him:
I see none now.

Aia. Thou Bitch-Wolfes-Sonne, canst thou not heare?
Feele then.

Ther. The plague of Greece vpon thee thou Mungrel,
beefe-witted Lord.

Aia. Speake then you whinid'st leauen speake, I will
beate thee into handisomnesse.

Ther. I shal sooner rayle thee into wit and holinesse:
but I thinke thy Horse wil sooner con an Oration, then I
learn a prayer without booke: Thou canst strike, canst
thou? A red Murren o'th thy lades trickes.

Aia. Teads stoole, learne me the Proclamation.

Ther. Doe'st thou thinke I haue no sence thou strik'st
Aia. The Proclamation. (methus?)

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke.

Aia. Do not Porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and
I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the loth-
som'st scab in Greece.

Aia. I say the Proclamation.

Ther. Thou gumblest & raillest every houre on *A-*
chilles, and thou art as ful of enuy at his greatnes, as *Cer-*
berus is at *Proserpina's* beauty. I, that thou barkst at him.

Aia. Mistressse Therites.

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Aia. Coblofe.

Ther. He would pun thee into shiuers with his fist, as
a Sailor breakes a bisket.

Aia. You horson Curre.

Ther. Do, do.

Aia. Thou stoole for a Witch.

Ther. I, do, do, thou sodden-witted Lord: thou hast
no more braine then I haue in mine elbows: An *Asinico*
may tutor thee. Thou scuruy valiant Ass, thou art heere
but to thresh *Troyans*, and thou art bought and sold a-
mong those of any wit, like a Barbarian slaue. If thou vlt
to beate me, I wil begin at thy heele, and tel what thou art
by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.

Aia. You dogge.

Ther. You scuruy Lord.

Aia. You Curre.

Ther. Mars his Ideot: do rudenes, do Carnell, do, do.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now *Ajax*? wherefore do you this?

How now *Therites*? what's the matter man?

Ther. You see him there do you?

Achil. I, what's the matter.

Ther. Nay looke vpon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ther.

Troilus and Cressida.

Ther. Nay but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you looke not well vpon him: for who
some euer you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.

Achil. I know that foole.

Ther. I, but that foole knowes not himselfe.

Aia. Therefore I beate thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *medicams* of wit he vtters: his
cractions haue cares thus long. I haue bobbd his Braine
more then he has beate my bones: I will buy nine Spar-
rowes for a peny, and his *Piamater* is not worth the ninth
part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax* who wears
his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, Ile tell you
what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say this *Ajax* —

Achil. Nay good *Ajax*.

Ther. Will you set your wit to a Fooles.

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of *Helens* Needle, for whom
becomes to fight.

Achil. Peace foole.

Ther. I would haue peace and quietnes, but the foole
will not: he there, that he, looke you there.

Aia. O thou damn'd Curre, I shall —

Achil. Will you set your wit to a Fooles.

Ther. No I warrant you, for a fooles will shame it.

Pat. Good words *Therites*.

Achil. What's the quarrell?

Aia. I had thee vile Owle, goe learne me the tenure
of the Proclamation, and he rayles vpon me.

Ther. I serue thee not.

Aia. Well, go too, go too.

Ther. I serue heere voluntary.

Achil. Your last seruice was sufferance, 'twas not vo-
luntary, no man is beaten voluntary: *Aia* was heere the
voluntary, and you as vnder an Impresse.

Ther. E'ne lo, a great deale of your wit too lies in your
sinewes, or else there be Liars. *Hector* shall haue a great
catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were as
good cracke a fustie nut with no kernell.

Achil. What with me to *Therites*?

Ther. *Ther's* *Vlysses*, and old *Nestor*, whose Wit was
mouldy ere their Grandfathers had nails on their toes, yoke
you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough vp the waire.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes good sooth, to *Achilles*, to *Aia*, to —

Aia. I shall cut out your tongues.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou
afterwards.

Pat. No more words *Therites*.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* Brooch bids
me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you *Patroclus*.

Ther. I wi I see you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come
any more to your Tents; I will keepe where there is wit
sitting, and leaue the faction of fooles. *Exit.*

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this Sir is proclaim'd throughal our host,
That *Hector* by the fit houre of the Sunne,

Will with a Trumpet, twixt our Tents and *Troy*
To morrow morning call some Knight to Armes,

That hath a stomacke, and such a one that dare
Maintaine I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

Aia. Farewell: who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lott'ry: otherwise

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Aia.

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